

The Eagle

W. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Cleveland doesn't seem to restore Squaw Lil any quicker than he did confidence.

Mrs. Lease says that Lowell's tramp order was a rare paper. It was rather raw, it is true.

We have it from a number of sources that Christmas is about to appear in its great specialty of coming once a year.

Bomb throwing would be a great deal more sensational and exciting if we had not just passed through the football season.

It is bad enough for Miss Tom King to appropriate horses, but in the interest of humanity she should stop stealing deputy sheriffs.

After studying the game for several days, Chauncey Depew says he caught on to how the Monte Carlo works. The banks get it all.

Naturalists assert that the hippopotamus will become extinct within the next twenty years and the Populist in the next six months.

Our old friend, King Lobengula, has decided to surrender, but pending the negotiations, he is still galloping away in his grand retreat.

Answer to correspondent: Yes, there was a milkman among the delegates at the irrigation convention in Wichita and he is still under surveillance.

Dynamite is killing off as many people as whisky. The prohibitionists should see that the sale of explosives is legislated out of existence.

The harrowing reality may have struck Lowell by this time that the tramps do not read the newspapers and know absolutely nothing about his order.

Rudyard Kipling says the absence of war robs men of their virility. What we want is war. As Patrick Henry, since deceased, once said: "Let 'er come!"

Unless the American hen gets down to business pretty soon it may become necessary to remove the protection now accorded her and let foreign laid eggs in duty free.

The only hope the sheriffs of Oklahoma now have of capturing Tom King is that she will pause in her mad ride long enough to satisfy herself that her hat is on straight.

Boston is to have a new Republican paper called the Boston Common. Murat Halstead will be the principal editorial writer. Downs, Towle & Co. will be the publishers.

The last gladiator to shy his castor into the arena for the marshaling for Kansas is Sidney J. Cooke of Herington. His name is said by his rivals to be his biggest recommendation.

Something is the matter with the law when men like Prendergast and Vaillant, the bomb thrower, will kill and maim people and then give themselves up to the police and boast of their acts.

With the near approach of the Christmas holiday season and the dearth of eggs still prevailing, the good housewife determines to make it hot for the hens, and proceeds to dose their feed with red pepper.

Lowell may have been a tramp as he says. For all we know his father may have set him up in the cornfield when he was a boy for a scare crow but that is no reason why he should be governor of Kansas.

The proposed tariff bill may not affect the price of whisky, nor of sugar, materially, but if it is enacted the Democrats will find their party in hotter water than it has experienced for a quarter of a century.

J. D. Hill of Fort Scott is in Washington seeking to be appointed postmaster at his town. After much trouble Mr. Hill has succeeded in getting Senator Martin to oppose his appointment and he will probably get the office.

With all this consideration for Colorado, Oregon and several other restive states it must be confessed that Kansas is the only state which breeds a class of men who will kick because they can find no feathers in their angel cake.

Helen Gougar, a woman with a mouth that runs back to the time of John Quincy Adams, is ranting around in Chicago, in company with John P. St. John. They claim to be there in the interests of the poor. No one believes them.

After all, when it comes to stripping a train from headlight to rear platform, ripping the ornaments off the passengers' bonnets and skimming off finger rings, and whooping it up generally there is no train robber who can quite come up to the Texan.

Surely the 2,000 men who sleep on the stone floor of the city building in Chicago every night must be kind that they cannot see the splendid wave of prosperity which President Cleveland said was coming as soon as the unconditional repeal of the silver law was passed.

It is becoming apparent that the pledge of the Democrats to repeal the 10 percent bank tax will not be carried into effect absolutely and as originally proposed. The plan now is to make the state banks practically the same as the national banks; that is, to have the government issue all the notes and take the same tanks under its supervision the same as national. This is an admission by the Democrats that our present national banking system is as near perfect as any that can be devised. With some slight changes in the law the present system will meet all the requirements of the country, maintaining as it does and will an absolutely safe and elastic volume of currency, supplementing to the direct issues from the treasury.

IS WAR A HUMAN NECESSITY?

The history of mankind is but a ghastly stain of blood. A universal sacrifice only gave way to cruel crucifixion, the red of the ancient altar to the blood of Calvary's cross. Of the two first born of this world one in cold blood slew the other. Rome ceased her domination of the centuries only when she ceased to spill the blood of peoples and of kingdoms in offensive wars. The commercial supremacy of England is one of wars waged against the defenceless, and that supremacy today is yet so maintained. The Holy Land was secured to God's chosen people only through wars of extermination. Moral reformations and financial renewals no less than political revolutions have come oftenest of bloodshed.

All great wars are followed by what are denominated "good times." Although following the late Franco-Prussian war France was compelled to pay her own enormous expenditures and to indemnify Germany in addition, yet France has not ceased to prosper, in an almost unexampled way, ever since. If the general European war now threatened should be actually declared, financial prosperity would not only succeed to the nations involved, but to the whole civilized world.

Arbitration, that comes of the higher law, or of exalted ideals, and through which a number of grave international misunderstandings have been amicably adjusted since the close of the rebellion, still seems best suited for the conditions under a promised millennium.

Certain it is that in the absence of war, its strife, blood and sacrifice of human life, the crank and the fanatic with their bombs and their agencies of secret destruction flourish. In the event of a general and bloody European war the voice of the prophets of Anarchy would be heard no more in the land, the Socialist would cease to organize or threaten, and nihilism would fall into innoxious desuetude.

Confronted by the blood of the mob becomes meek and tractable and from the field of carnage, the savage soldier turns contentedly to peaceful pursuits. Whatever there is of cost and calamity, of blood and despair, in war, in its absence the wings of white winged peace have little significance. From its grim visaged front famine flees as prosperity leaps high the lap of luxury, and the wail of the widow together with the memory of the dead are swallowed up in triumphant songs of victory.

If arbitration is to take the place of the blood shed of wars then must civilization adjust itself to entirely new conditions in which one-half of the public expenditures of the nations must be diverted to other channels and, in which mighty standing armies who are only consumers, be given place and opportunity as additional producers, a thing under present conditions impossible.

British gold was accepted by America as an equivalent for the lives and property destroyed by the Alabama, in turn for which Canada is licensed to trample the life out of our profitable seal fisheries in which America's clear title to the Behring sea is relinquished, but who can prove that the United States would not have been better off had these questions been settled by war instead of by arbitration, even conceding that her armies had been defeated in the conflict?

WHO DEFEATED THE TOLLEY BILL?

The untimely defeat of the bankruptcy bill is another evidence of Democratic demagoguery. The causes leading to the necessity for the measure have been purely commercial in character, and the issue should have been directed entirely from political factions or preferences.

It was enough, however, to know that it was transmitted from a Republican congress. That alone sent it to the political headman whose business it is to decapitate everything not branded with Democracy of the 1893 variety. It may be that this administration can continue this menacing attitude toward the business interests of this country. Our only prophetic seems to be to wait and see. The striking feature of the situation is that while our chief executive has a policy both original and aggressive, and subject to no higher influence than his own, his particular efforts toward reform seem to be in the direction of commercial and business interests. He has not spoken officially in opposition to the Tolley bill, but it would be hard to convince the public that it had not the seal of his authority, with explicit orders for its early defeat. It was the cheapest kind of demagoguery to object to it, as was done on the floor of the house, on the ground that it was framed in the interest of the creditor class. That would have been cause sufficient for its passage without debate by these paid emissaries of Wall street. Every fair minded man who had examined the text of the bill knew that it was framed in justice to the honest debtor.

The rogue needs no protection, and the penalty provided for that class was the best possible reason for its passage. No nation ever had, or should have such a law which did not provide both voluntary and involuntary features. It remains now for thousands of enterprising, industrious people to wait and sweat till the avalanche of debt, which they can never hope to pay with shackled hands, is legally removed by a body which has a higher motive than doing the best of an imperious ruler.

If to the inhibition of all other wiping out of the government, revenues, by so-called reform of the tariff, is added the summary defeat of a few more such measures as this, the business men of the country will want to know what manner of slaves they are. It is speaking conservatively to say that 90 percent of the voters of the country were favorable to this bill. Everybody knew that Congress knew it, hence the necessity for quick work. Political graves are being scooped out for somebody in every district in the country, and if the present Democratic congress does not furnish the corpse for practically all of them then all signs fail. Let us wait and see.

Reliable information from the western part of the state indicates a much better condition of affairs than has been anticipated for some time. There has been no more people leaving that section by half, as has been represented, and there is no indication that there will be

any more suffering from destitution than elsewhere proportional to population. The fresh impetus that has been given the irrigation idea amounting to active undertaking along that line on the part of many farmers and land companies, has re-inspired confidence and determination among the settlers to stay with the country and get their share of the benefits to come from fuller development of its resources under the new order of things. There are, no doubt, great things in store for western Kansas.

The statement comes from Boston that as soon as Van Alden declined the Italian mission the president offered the position to John E. Russell of that state; that Russell declined, but was forthwith tendered the collectorship for the port of Boston, which he also declined, for the specious reason that he did not desire any position that would require him to discharge the duty of official headmen. The real reason for Russell's repeated declinations is understood to be, however, that Cleveland refused him the position of secretary of state for which he was a candidate while Cleveland was constructing his cabinet. In a word, Mr. Russell is not yet done sulking.

Referring to General John B. Gordon's publicly uttered sentiment that the flag of the United States is "the symbol of hope to all the fettered millions of the earth," the Charleston News and Courier says:

It is the simple statement of a fact to say that the United States flag is the symbol of their subjugation to more than twelve millions of the citizens of the United States. General Gordon's pretty and patriotic sentiment, therefore, is more pretty and patriotic than true.

It is but just to say of the two southern states that General Gordon was one of the bravest and best officers in the armies of the south, while the Palmetto patriot is a post bellum politician.

The United States Investor, published in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, is the leading financial paper in the country. Every banker, broker, bondholder and money-dealer in the United States takes it. Every conceivable question may be asked and an answer will be given. Here is an answer concerning a tract of land in Kansas:

"This particular one-half section of land is considered worth, at the present low prices, at least \$7,000. John W. Workman, the man owning this, lives on it and farms the place; he is a farmer and citizen, honest, upright and energetic, and is not tinged with Farmers' Alliance doctrines."

It is announced from Washington that a delegation of Republicans from Utah is at the capital, urging the admission of that territory to statehood. Their reasons for asking this are not stated, but it is probable that, despairing of the proper control of the Mormon question by the federal government, they hope for better things under a local organized government—that home government under Democratic control would be preferable to Democratic control from Washington.

NO CONFLICT OF INTERESTS.

From the Kansas City Gazette.

We call the attention of our people to the remarkable record, published in another column, from the Wichita Eagle. It should have some influence in inducing the people of Kansas City, Kansas, to brace up, and accelerate the growth of a separate identity which nature has given us.

There is no clashing of interests between Kansas City and Wichita, certainly none between the effort of the Gazette to pull the city on the Kansas side of the state line and Wichita, or any other point in Kansas. Wichita could not hope to get the trade of the vast country known as southern Nebraska and northern Kansas. She could not hope to divert the trade from the main line of the Santa Fe around on a branch. She does not even step on the door of the trade which comes right by her door from Oklahoma and the Territory.

A greater engineer than the man who laid out Wichita, and greater even than the editor of the Eagle, whose enthusiasm and industry are exhibited in the article we copy here, have made Wichita, built this country and developed convenient points and trade centers.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

The school at Blackwell has eighty-two pupils.

Pawnee has a public reading room already.

The wood sawyers of Hennessey have a union.

T. J. Johnson is the new postmaster at Norman.

It is now less than a month until the first hanging in Oklahoma occurs.

No trains are being run on the Perry, Eads and Pacific. This is authoritative.

Tom King's name is Mrs. Mandis. She files street and takes whisky straight.

Miss Brennan is the name of the woman at the Eads land office who has recently come into renown.

There is plenty of game in Oklahoma although the territory has been over run with hunters for three years.

It is said that at a prayer meeting in Round Pond recently the chairs gave out and beer kags had to be used.

Now that the strip is part of Oklahoma Santa Claus will have as much to do that he will have to sub-let the job.

The Beaver Advocate calls the attention of the people who wish to in church to the fact that the minister has the floor.

If young Cheyenne girls are bringing only six ponies a mother-in-law can probably be purchased for about two cents.

With the Indians the bow and arrow is a thing of the past. They are only made now as playthings for the Indian children.

No matter how much game there may be in Oklahoma markets it has been so good that the price of beef and pork is unaffected.

George Puckett of the Blackwell Eagle distributes his papers on horseback and exchanges views with all his readers as he rides around.

Some people claim that old man Blackwell is not the guardian of the children who own the land on which the town of that name is located. There is talk of moving the town south a short distance.

Woodward Advocate: Our 13-year-old

kid must bear the blame, or have the honor, of the appearance of this issue. He is every type, correct of the proof and assisted in running off the paper.

Hennessey Clipper: Two men, Bash Johnson and Hugo Dunn, son-in-law and son of James Dunn, who lives about eight miles northeast of Hennessey, have been missing since Monday night, September 18. Young Dunn, about 18 years old, made the run with his brother-in-law, who got a good climb and together they went to Eads to file. On Monday night they went to where some of their friends were sleeping and with whom they were stopping, and got their guns, saying that some fellows were following them and they proposed to do some following also. Their friends told them to come back, but they paid no attention and went away and have not been seen or heard of since. Mr. James Dunn has offered a reward of \$200 for their recovery. A close search of canyons and streams in the vicinity of Eads fails to reveal any traces of their whereabouts.

EXCHANGES EPIPHANIES.

Punch The Bone.
There is many a man who's said
They would like to punch his head,
And they said, 'I'd like to have
And they meant it more and more,
For the
Dad—
Blinged
Bore
Couldn't learn to shut the door.

Coming Out of the Kinks.

From the El Dorado Republican.
Kansas is a state of surprises. Conditions are such that the state is getting ready to begin to come out of the kinks very soon. We are not always to be in a busted financial condition. Better times are coming. A better day is dawning. It will go on and beyond the high water mark reached some years ago. Don't lie down and give up, but get up and hustle and everything will come out all right.

Against the Soldiers, Always.

From the Lawrence Journal.
The Grand Army of the Republic flings defiance in the face of Cleveland, and denies his declaration that there are thousands of neighborhoods in the country that have their well known fraudulent pensioners. It is seldom Cleveland mentions the old soldiers save to revile or slander them, and it looks as though in his last message he has made his charges too broad to go unchallenged.

INCIDENTS IN A SLEEPER.

The Haughty Maiden at One End, the Poor Blind Man at the Other.

It takes all kinds of people to fill a sleeping car. Fortunately so, for otherwise what would relieve the tedium of the steady, monotonous, onward rush of the train day and night?

She was handsomely gowned, and looked as vigorous as if brought up on lawn tennis and rowing matches. Her companion was in appearance a twin. "Poohah!" she said to the slim little darky. "I shall want constant attention. I like the window changed frequently. And, Poohah, you must walk by every few minutes and see if we need anything."

It lacked some minutes for the time for the train to start. At the other end of the car sat a man with his eyes covered. From the likeness, evidently the girl with him was his sister. She held his right hand in both hers, and with his left he clutched her shoulder as if he could not let her go. The terror in his face, and the pity and love and grief in hers, would have made your heart stand still if you had seen the two. Finally she was obliged to leave, but first she spoke a few words to the conductor, and then went to a lady sitting near, and this is what she said to her:

"Madam, my brother has had an apoplectic stroke, and it has left him suddenly and totally blind. He is going to a specialist in Pennsylvania, and goes alone."

Then, reading the thought of the woman she was speaking to:

"Yes, it must be! It takes every cent we can get to send him to it. He must go alone. I must let him take this journey alone in his misery. Will you speak to him now and then?"

The porter hurried her out the car. The blind man was by no means a weak-minded looking man. On the contrary he had a strong face, as had the girl. But as the train started he was sobbing like a baby. He said afterward, when made happy as possible by the attentions of passengers and car employees, that it was perfect desolation that came upon him when he found himself left alone in the new, strange world of darkness that had overtaken him so suddenly. Weak and newly blind, and spending the last few dollars his family could get together. A long, lonely journey before him and little hope at the end!

You were in luck that day, slim little darky porter, with what the goodly fee you got in the front of the car, and the treasure in Heaven you laid up through your tender services to the sad man in the rear end.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

One Kind of Economy.

The young man wanted to marry the girl, but he was a reckless chap, spending his salary up close, and the girl's father didn't like to take such a risk.

"About how much do you save each year?" he asked the youth who had approached him on the subject.

"I should say about four dollars a year," he laughed, for he was not the kind of a young man who thinks it's a wife's duty to teach a young man how to save.

"Um—um—er," calculated the old man, "four dollars a year, four dollars a year. Well, you can have the girl," he went on briskly and in business tones, "but you've got to wait for her until you have saved one hundred thousand dollars. That's the amount I determined her husband shall have. Of course, it will take twenty-five thousand years, and a good deal may happen in that time; but your kind of economy, my boy, is bound to get there by and by. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Preparing a Face Bath.

The proper way to prepare a face bath is to fill a bowl with hot water, dip in it a flannel cloth, rub the soap on this until there is a thick lather; pass it gently but briskly over the face. With both hands wash the soap off, sponge with cooler water, dry on a soft towel, afterward using the palms of the hands to arouse circulation. After the face is thoroughly dry take some unguent on the fingers and begin the massage. Almond oil and cocoa butter are both softening and are easily and quickly absorbed. But no unguent must be used constantly or it will produce a light down upon the face. In the morning the face should be washed in hot water containing anything the skin may seem to demand.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WORTH A QUARTER.

The Pathetic Story of the Man With a Glass Eye.

Four or five well-dressed and apparently well-heeled men stood in a group on the bows of a Windsor ferry boat yesterday, when a man whose appearance denoted hard times approached them and said:

"Gents, I'm used to going without victuals and sleeping on the ground, and I give you my word I really like it. However, I am obliged to solicit aid for a different object. Gents, allow me to call your attention to my eye—this left one."

That something had happened to his eye was plain enough. Indeed, there was no eye at all, only a socket of one. "What's the matter?" asked one.

"It's just here, sir," replied the man. "About ten years ago a cow hooks me eye out. I suffer and suffer, and by and by I buy me a glass one to preserve me looks. It's not for me to say that I looked even handsomer than before, but should any of you gents want a glass eye, I'll be happy to give you all the pointers I can. There's a way of wearing a glass eye to make you look like a Jim Dandy, and ye have only to call on me to get full particulars."

"But where is your eye?"

"That's what I'm coming to at once. I was over here in Detroit the other day, expecting to meet a man who wanted me to go down the country and boss his farm. He didn't show up, however, and while waiting I felt cramped. I goes over to saloon and says I've got cramps and asks what is good for 'em."

"Whisky, of course," says the blooming bloke behind the bar.

"But I've none of the needful!"

"Then die!"

"Gents, I was suffering that bad that I cried out for some one to hit me with a club and end me agony, and send word to me mother in Boston that I hoped to meet her in a better place, but no one would do it."

"Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" queried one of the group.

"I was too distracted with the pain. I felt that I must have whisky. I had no money, but all of a sudden I thought of me glass eye."

"Here—give me a horn and keep me eye until I can raise ten cents!" I says to the bloke behind the bar.

"But it's only glass," says he.

"Of course it's only glass. Am I to lay me real eye down on your bloomin' bar for the price of three fingers of whisky?"

"I'll take it for two fingers, and if you don't claim it in four days I'll use it on me dog, who lost his left eye in a fight last winter."

"I gives him the eye, gents, and I gets the whisky and saves me life to be a comfort and a consolation to me mother in her old age. Now I wants to get it back. He'll charge me interest, and it will take a quarter to do it."

No one made a move to contribute, and the man suddenly began wiping his good eye and said:

"Gents, if that bloomin' bloke was to keep me glass eye on the shelf among the bottles, I wouldn't feel so bad, but to-day is the fourth day, and by to-morrow his one-eyed fightin' dog will be wearin' me optic, and paradin' around town. Put yourselves in me place, and imagine how you'd feel!"

They chipped in a quarter for him and he bowed and scraped and said:

"And I can hear me dear old mother as she weeps for joy! Now I am a man again! Now I can face the world! Ah! gents, may you never need a glass eye to begin with. If you have to get one, may you never need to put it up to save your life. If you have to put it up, may it never be to a bloomin' bloke who hasn't got any more feelin' than to wear it in the buck yard!"

He went away and sat down, and while everybody said he lied, everybody also agreed that it was a story worth a quarter.—Detroit Free Press.

MONOPOLISTIC HALF BREDS.

The Real Owners of the Lands of the Five Nations.

The lands of the five nations are ostensibly held in common, but as a matter of fact the disproportion in holdings is monopolistic to a remarkable degree. The real Indian derives little benefit from his paternalistic acres. The pale-skinned Jacob has farms, rich and highly cultivated, of from five thousand to twenty-five thousand acres, and a body of pastures of long succulent grass which fences a horseman cannot encompass from sun to sun; mines opulent with their stores of coal; but they are controlled by professional red men, or the mixed breeds whose dominant blood is white. It is said that a score of Chickasaw citizens, in whom combined there is hardly enough aboriginal blood to make a full-blooded Indian, control nearly ninety per cent of the arable lands of that nation.

A Cherokee squaw man is said to hold more land than is held by all the full-bloods in the tribe. Under the tribal law there is no limit to the extent of a citizen's holding. He can control and enjoy the usufruct of as much land as he can fence without encroaching upon the improvements of a fellow citizen. As a consequence the national domain has passed into the possession of the more intelligent and enterprising elements of the tribe, the inter-married citizens and mixed breeds, who constitute probably four-fifths of the population. These landlords, many of whom operate on a scale colossal enough to make the estates of the land barons of the old world seem mere truck patches in comparison, utilize white non-citizen labor in the cultivation and improvement of their vast farms. The Indian agricultural toiler is an anomaly, and negro labor is uncommon. As a rule, especially in the opening up of new farms, the tenant not only furnishes the labor, but the improvements also, under an annual retail contract based on a share of the crop.—Roxin W. McAdam, in Harper's Magazine.

His Hunger.

Tommy—I've just been playing ball, and I'm awful hungry.

Cook—How hungry is that?

Tommy—Well, I'm awfully hungry enough for bread and butter. I'm just hungry enough for a piece of pie—Harper's Young People.

A Luminous Hint.

Young hanger-on, at 11 p. m.—It looks as if the gas is going out.

Young lady—Perhaps it is trying to set a good example.—Detroit Free Press.

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ALL HALLOWS ACADEMY.



FOR 1893-94. WICHITA, KANSAS.

This Academy, established in 1887, possesses every advantage that parents can desire for the general improvement of their children. The site is attractive, and, as experience has proved, most advantageous for the promotion of good health. The grounds are neat and spacious, affording means for the enjoyment of invigorating exercises.

The Sisters of Charity of the R. V. M., being especially devoted to the instruction of youth, spare no pains to win the heart to virtue, and they impart to their pupils a solid and refined scholarship. With a vigilant and immediate superintendence, they provide for the want and comfort of the children in respect to their care.

Studies will be resumed the first Monday in September.

For further particulars apply to the

SISTER SUPERIOR, All Hallows Academy, Wichita, Kansas.

SALAMANDERS AND FIRE.

Curious Lizards to Which an Old-Time Superstition Relates.

"Nobody knows how the superstition regarding the supposed fire-proof quality of the salamander had its rise," said Dr. Stejneger, the reptilian expert of the Smithsonian institute recently.

"However, I can give what I think is a pretty good guess at it. To explain, I shall have to tell you a story."

"Once upon a time I was camping out with a party, hunting and fishing. We had lighted a big fire, using for fuel several old logs. While we were sitting around watching the progress of some cookery in which we were engaged, a young lady at my side gave a little scream and pointed into the flames. I looked and there was a small lizard crawling right out from among the glowing embers. It walked away, unhurt apparently, through the grass and made its escape."

"Now, that salamander had occupied a hole in one of the logs used for fuel. Several species of its kind live in old tree trunks. Doubtless this one found that it was getting uncomfortably hot and crawled out. Being moist and slimy, its body was protected from injury by the fire long enough to enable it to escape through the embers. But the sight of the animal deliberately making its appearance from the midst of the fire was certainly very surprising. Any ignorant person might easily have been led to imagine that the creature must be fire-proof. It seems to me quite probable that the superstition took its rise from just such occurrences."

There are so many species of salamander that a description of them all would fill a book. They are to be found all over the world, except in very cold regions. In a popular sense, the name 'salamander' is applied to all batrachians with tails. That is rather a loose definition. A tadpole is a batrachian with a tail, but it is not a salamander. The great majority of salamanders are small, such as the newts, found in springs. The biggest species in this country are so-called 'mudpots,' for 'siren.' It has only two feet, just behind the head, and it has external gills, when fully developed, which